Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with revolt.
*King*. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devill alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send us your priſoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King.*
*Hot*. And if the devill come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
*Nor*. What? drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your Uncle.
*Hot*. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will ſpeak of him, and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all thoſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.
*Nor*. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
*Wor*. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
*Hot*. He will forſooth have all my priſoners,
And when I urg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wives brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And